

THE MAN SHE LOVED

By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

CHAPTER XIV. Her Father's Pictures.

Luncheon was already announced when Lord Derriman drove up with his friend.

"My darling," he said, as Dorothy advanced gracefully from the dining room into the hall to meet her guest, "my darling, let me present Dare Broughton to you, the best of good fellows and friends. Dare, my wife, Lady Derriman."

"I am charmed to see you, Mr. Broughton. I have heard so much about you from Gervais."

Dare Broughton bowed low over her delicate hand.

He was a spare, dark, keen looking man, distinguished rather than handsome, but possessing great charm of manner, and being, moreover, a bit of a genius in his way. He was shrewd and clear headed, and he summed up Dorothy in one moment.

"Beautiful as Venus, but without a grain of real feeling or heart," he said to himself, while he was chatting on easily about his journey, the weather and other conversational platitudes, as Dorothy led the way to lunch. Then his eyes fell on Enid, who was bending over one of the dogs, attending to its collar, as they all entered.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "what a lovely child! And where were Derriman's eyes, I wonder, that he did not choose this one instead of the other?"

There was a tone in Dare's voice that Dorothy did not quite understand.

"I don't like this man," she said to herself.

Enid, on the other hand, was rather attracted by the new arrival, and when he began to tell of some of his travels and experiences she found herself listening eagerly.

At the end of luncheon Dorothy rose.

"I know you will excuse me, Mr. Broughton. I am going to write some letters. Our post goes out so absurdly early. I hope you will not be dreadfully bored, but I have taken some precaution by asking a few interesting people down the end of this week."

"I shall be perfectly content as I am, I assure you, Lady Derriman; but if the interesting people include your charming mother-in-law among their number I shall rejoice indeed. There is no woman for whom I have a more sincere admiration and liking than for your mother, Gervais, old fellow."

A flush of pleasure rose to the earl's face, and a bitter sensation of jealousy reigned in Dorothy's breast.

As they left the luncheon table and Enid was moving away, Gervais stopped her.

"Shall we go to the picture gallery now? Dare will like it, I know, and I think I am not wrong in saying that he is a staunch admirer of your father's art."

"Leslie?" asked Broughton, quickly. "What, Charles Leslie? That indeed I am. And you are his daughter? Now—Ah! that accounts for your artistic face, I see."

Enid blushed a little.

The picture gallery at Bromley was a series of odd rooms and passages, quaint, old-fashioned, but scarcely well suited to its requirements.

"I don't know too much about art," Gervais declared, frankly; "but this always seems to me to be a bad place for the pictures; eh, Dare?"

"It certainly might be better in respect of light, though the rooms are pretty in themselves; but I say, old fellow, who had the arranging of these portraits, I should like to know?"

"Some person in my father's life time. Why, what's wrong?"

"Only that your best things, your unique ones, are poked into corners, and your too palpable copies hung brusquely into the most prominent places."

Gervais laughed.

"Well, change them all," he observed. "I give you carte blanche."

Dare's thin, dark, interesting face became almost handsome.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, and then he knelt his brow. "But Lady Derriman, how will she like this plan?"

"Dorothy will not object, I am sure; but we will ask her, and then you will be in your glory, Dare, I know."

"I think we shall enjoy ourselves," confessed Mr. Broughton.

"We? Do you imagine, oh, my friend, that I am going to assist you?"

"Certainly not; you would only be in the way; it is Miss Leslie whose services I mean to enlist!"

Enid colored with pleasure.

"I shall be delighted, but"—dubiously—"I don't believe I could lift one of those pictures, Mr. Broughton!"

"Heaven forbid that I should ask you! No, you are to bring your easel here, if you will, and then give me the benefit of your advice."

"How I pity you, Miss Leslie," Gervais laughed, feeling the sensation of pain and discomfort at his heart melt beneath the cheery warmth of Broughton's geniality; "you will be kept a prisoner here for months. You have undertaken a most desperate job, Dare; pause and think before you plunge into it."

"Indeed I will do nothing of the sort," retorted Dare Broughton; "the conglomeration of ideas here positively sets my artistic teeth on edge, and, since you have no objection, I will alter everything to our mutual satisfaction. What do you say, Miss Leslie?"

"If Dorothy consents, I shall be delighted," was Enid's answer.

Gervais walked on, and at last paused before the picture he had brought her there to see.

"This is one of your father's, Miss Leslie," he said, gently.

CHAPTER XV. The Face in the Bushes.

Dare and Enid were at work on the pictures. She took up a duster mechanically and brushed away the dirt from a priceless Meissonier that Lady Derriman had purchased a year or so ago, and which the steward had poked away in a corner, half hidden by larger and more gaudy companions. Dare looked at her with eyes that were full of admiration.

She made him think of purer things. There was an indescribable atmosphere of goodness about Enid that to a man like this was marvelously sweet and rare. She was so different from the shallow, brilliant butterfly whom the world adored. He saw in her everything that was needed; a simple yet intellectual mind, a gentle, refined, sympathetic nature, yet brave and strong when courage was called for, and again he wondered that Gervais could have hesitated between his choice of this girl and Dorothy.

A faint cloud of something like dislike and doubt always came over his face as he thought of young Lady Derriman, and he tried to like her honestly for Gervais' sake, but the friendly feeling would not come at his bidding, and little by little contempt and disappointment rose almost against his will—contempt for Dorothy's selfish, mean, narrow nature, disappointment for the man whose eyes were yet blinded to her true character.

"Ah, it will go hard with Gervais when the moment comes that heralds the departure of illusion and plants solid, uncompromising fact instead," he said, in an odd, musing kind of way.

Enid started; his words matched her thoughts, but she was loyal to Dorothy; she would not even let him know she understood him.

"Must happiness always be called illusion, Mr. Broughton?" she said, with a smile.

"Such a fool's paradise of happiness as Gervais lives in now—yes," was his answer.

Enid was silent again.

Dare Broughton respected her silence and understood the expressions that flitted across her face with an ease that would have surprised Enid had she guessed it. Presently he said:

"I have just finished for to-day; I don't mean to keep you up here another moment. You should go into the grounds and have a brisk walk before dinner."

"Will you come with me?" Enid asked, shyly. "I suppose it is very unorthodox, but if you will come, Mr. Broughton—"

Dare flung down his dusting brush. "I will meet you in the hall in two minutes. We shall have time for a splendid scamper and get a appetite into the bargain."

As Enid went rapidly to her room she heard the sound of several voices, and looking over the gallery that ran round the large hall, she saw Dorothy arrive with her two lady guests.

She did not feel inclined to meet them yet, and when she had put on a hat and coat she chose to run down a side staircase that led into the grounds, thence she could find her way on to the colonnade, and as soon as Dare made his appearance she could signal to him, and so escape being caught and drawn into the drawing room.

It had been a close, muggy day, and the evening was terribly hot and oppressive.

Enid loosened her coat as she walked up to the front entrance. She had to pass through a side walk bordered by low, thickly growing shrubs, and as she went on she was startled by seeing a man's face peer out in the gloaming for an instant, then, as she uttered an exclamation of surprise and fear, it disappeared, and she heard sounds of some person moving rapidly away.

Her heart beat nervously, and she hurried on with a disagreeable sensation hanging over her till she reached the colonnade, and then she felt annoyed at herself.

"It was one of the keepers, of course," she said, speaking out loud, and she looked across in the direction of the path she had just come, and where the man must have gone, but she could see no one.

She soon forgot all about the incident as she heard Dare Broughton's whistle and moved toward him.

"I came out here to escape an introduction just yet," she explained, as she saw that he was surprised to see her, and had sauntered to the door to wait for her.

"I gave you at least half an hour to attire," he answered, "and you are down already, Miss Leslie. Certainly you are not an ordinary young woman. By the bye, I hope you don't mind being called a young woman?"

Enid laughed outright.

"Considering I am one, I really don't see why I should, Mr. Broughton," she said.

And then they started for their walk, and a very pleasant one they had, too, only turning back when the dressing gown sounded sonorously in the distance.

"Do you know this Lady Lowe and her daughter, who have come to-night?" asked Dare, as they hurried back.

Enid shook her head.

"I am a savage; I know no one," she said. "Are they nice?"

"H'm! That depends on what you call nice. The girl would not be bad looking if she were only left as nature made her. She is as skillful an artist with the paints as you are, only she uses her face instead of canvas."

"Oh! I'm afraid I shan't like her, then," Enid observed, dubiously.

"I don't think you will, or her mother, nor either of the men who have taken pity on Lady Derriman and honored her lovely house with their presence."

There was undisguised contempt in Dare's voice.

"I am very much inclined to think you are a cynic, Mr. Broughton."

"We will argue that out after dinner. We must now go to our respective rooms." He pushed open a side door as he spoke. "I wonder if you would do me a favor, Miss Leslie?" he asked, with a half smile.

"If it is in my power I will."

"Then put on that simple white gown you wore the other night, just for the sake of giving me the pleasure of gazing at some contrast. I know that Paris will reign supreme in the drawing room this evening."

Enid laughingly agreed and they separated.

Dorothy was already holding sway when Enid appeared, attired for dinner.

Lady Lowe put up her eyeglass and bowed gracefully to the girl; the daughter offered a limp, good sized hand. To her Enid was a poor dependent, and not worthy of much attention. But the three male guests, who were gathered in a group on the hearth rug, with the earl and Dare, turned to stare at the slender, graceful, picturesque figure, with that glory of red-gold hair and those marvelous eyes.

Dare saw their looks of admiration, and he frowned even while he was delighted.

"Miladi! will not love her cousin if she becomes admired in this fashion," he said to himself.

To Dare's anger he found that the assembled guests were inclined to treat Enid with as near an approach to indifference as they decently could. Gervais, deep in genial hospitality, lost this; but Enid did not, and she had registered a vow that she would not come down among them again; in fact, she woke to see that Dorothy was growing vexed in her presence and that it was time for her to go back to her humble world again.

"I will speak to her to-morrow," she said to herself. "I have my pride, after all, and Dorothy cannot compel me to remain. If she needed me it would be a different thing; but she does not need me now, so I will go!"

It was well for Enid that the veil of mystery that hung before the future was not lifted too suddenly, for she would have paled and shrunk before the tasks that would be given her to do in Bromley Manor, and that, too, before long.

To be Continued.

A Corner For Six Weeks.

The recent Slevier case in London revived some incidents in the career of that dead celebrity "Barney" Barnato, amateur actor and diamond expert, against whom, smart although of course he was, the following yarn is told:

When the late Cecil Rhodes was at the head of the DeBeers Company, at a time when they had for sale 220,000 carats of diamonds, he was approached by Barney Barnato with an offer for the lot in one parcel. To this proposition Mr. Rhodes replied, "Yes, you shall have them for that on one condition."

"What condition?" asked the other.

"That you let me see a sight no human eye ever saw yet."

"What's that?" inquired the would-be purchaser.

"Why," said Mr. Rhodes, "a bucketful of diamonds in one heap."

"Done!" cried Barney, overjoyed to close the deal on his own terms.

So they emptied the DeBeers diamonds into a bucket. Then came the turn of Mr. Rhodes, who practically had to himself the diamond market during six weeks, the time required for restoring the stones into their 160 classifications.—Harper's Weekly.

A Profitable Mine.

What is regarded as the leading mine of the world is the Robinson mine, of the Transvaal, South Africa, which shows an operating profit of \$4,385,710, which is seventy per cent. of its total gold production. The annual dividends amounted to \$3,201,000. A larger tonnage was crushed by the Homestake mine, of South Dakota, and more bullion was yielded by the Goldfield-Consolidated, of Nevada, but the South African mine holds the palm for actual profits.

Railways of Siam.

The railways of Siam have a total length of about 485 miles, including 125 miles of line just built. Of this total 390 miles have standard gauge, while ninety-five miles have metre gauge (three feet three and three-eighths inches). The operation is quite profitable. Passenger receipts constitute about two-thirds of the total receipts, and ninety-eight per cent. of the passenger traffic is third-class.—Philadelphia Record.

Responsibility For Wrecks.

The Nebraska State Railway Commission now requires photographs and complete details of wrecks furnished to it by all railroads in the State. These are used to fix responsibility for disasters. Details of equipment must be supplied to the commission and the road must give its opinion as to the cause of the accident. The Public Service Commission in this State also requires full details of all accidents.

Gypsy Moth Test.

As a result of the efforts to save the North Shore woods from destruction by the gypsy moths more than 1000 acres have been treated by clearing off and burning underbrush, and nests creosoted by the tree climbers. There have been 420 men at work. About 900 more acres have been found which are more or less thickly infested, although some of them have not very many moth nests. Boston Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Cake Filling.

For nut cake filling, scald a cupful of milk with the yolks of two eggs and half a cupful of sugar. Just before it boils add a tablespoonful of corn starch rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Let the mixture cool and stir in a cupful of nut meats—English walnuts, Pecans, hickory or almonds—broken into small pieces. Use the mixture as a filling. Ice the top and cover with whole nut meats.—New York Sun.

Spaghetti a la Milanese.

Spaghetti a la Milanese is made in a chafing dish as follows, says the chief steward of the Hotel St. Regis: A good tomato sauce, a little meat glaze, or rich gravy, are heated together, then add a piece of butter. When thoroughly melted put in the boiled spaghetti, seasoned tongue, ham and truffles cut into fine strips. Finish with grated Swiss cheese before serving.—New York Telegram.

Rhubarb Marmalade.

Boil for twenty minutes four pounds of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, leaving the skin on. Add the juice of five lemons and the rind, which has been sliced off thinly, boiled in a little water for about twenty minutes, or until soft, then chopped fine. To this add six pounds of granulated sugar, one pound of blanched almonds, chopped or cut, and one wineglass of Jamaica ginger. Boil all together until thick. The almonds may be omitted, if desired, and still leave a delicious marmalade.—Good Housekeeping.

Fish Croquettes.

Rub together three tablespoons of flour, one of butter, and stir into one-half pint of rich milk. Add a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and a quarter teaspoonful grated onion. Boil until it thickens, then stir in two cupfuls of cold cooked fish and let the mixture boil up again. Season with salt and pepper and set aside. When cold roll into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve with peas, hot cream or fresh string beans garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs.—New York World.

Meat Soup or Stock.

Best kind of beef, shin; proportion, lean meat, two-thirds, bone and fat, one-third. Wipe the meat with damp cloth, cut the lean meat in one-inch pieces to draw out the juice. Heat the frying-pan and brown one-third of the lean meat. Place the fat, bone and remaining lean meat in a kettle, cover with cold water, one pint to each pound of meat, bone and fat, and let stand one hour. Add vegetables, salt and flavoring during the last hour of cooking. Cool and skim. Bits of cold meat, left-over vegetables or cereals may be added to the soup.—New York American.

Jellied Chicken.

For jellied chicken, have on hand three pounds of chicken that has been boiled and cut from the bone in strips. Mix a quart of rich chicken stock that has been boiled down and cleared with a teaspoonful each of lemon juice, chopped parsley, a dash of celery salt and a quarter teaspoonful each of salt and paprika. At the last stir in a teaspoonful of granulated gelatin that has been dissolved. When the jelly begins to thicken add the chicken and turn it into a mould. To have the chicken scattered evenly through the jelly, stand the dish containing the jelly in a pan of ice and turn in the jelly layer by layer covering each with chicken as soon as it begins to thicken.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Kerosene in starch makes the clothes iron better.

Paint that sticks to glass can be removed with hot vinegar.

Salt in rinse water will keep clothes from freezing on cold days.

Sugar or molasses added to stove blacking makes it stick better.

Keep kitchen floor painted. It is cheaper than linoleum and saves time and labor.

Use baking powder cans to chop potatoes in spider, also to cut out cookies and biscuits.

Dried lemon peel sprinkled over coals will destroy any disagreeable odor about the house.

Squeeze a few drops of lemon in the water in which potatoes are boiled just before they are done, and they will not turn black.

Celery cleaned and soaked for an hour or two in cold water, with which two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice have been mixed, will improve the celery which is to be served as a vegetable or in a salad.

Pour the liquid into a narrow-necked quart milk bottle. The grease will instantly raise into the neck of the bottle, and it can easily be poured off. This should be done while the soup is hot, and a spoon should be placed in the bottle to prevent cracking.

When washing sheets and tablecloths gather up the selvage edges in the hand and put through wringer. Hang upon line by the selvage edge. In this way you will have no trouble with the edge turning in while ironing. Are easily folded and prevents the fraying of the edge during a high wind.

Good steel knives are better when sharpened at intervals by a professional. Often arrangements can be made with the butcher to take all knives in the house and include them with his knives for sharpening. This is especially convenient in the country, where stores are hard to reach and where the butcher's cart is a frequent visitor.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 18.

Subject: Paul's Second Missionary Journey—Thessalonica and Berea, Acts 17:1-15—Golden Text, Ps. 119:11—Commit Verse 11.

TIME.—A. D. 52. PLACE.—Thessalonica and Berea.

EXPOSITION.—I. Paul in Thessalonica, 1-9. Paul had at this time a quite uniform mode of procedure. First, he began with the Jews at their regular place of meeting, the synagogue (comp. vs. 10, 17; ch. 9:20; 13:5; 14:1; 18:4; 19:8). Second, he made use of the Sabbath day, the regular Jewish day of assembly. Those already Christians met on the first day of the week for their own distinctive services (Acts 20:7). But in order to reach the Jews, Paul wisely made use of their day, as missionaries among the Jews still do. Third, he reasoned with them from the Scriptures. Nothing else has the power to convince, convict, convert, regenerate men than the Word of God has (Eph. 6:17; Jer. 23:29; 2 Tim. 3:15-17; Jas. 1:18; 1 Pet. 1:23; Luke 8:11). There were three principal points in Paul's preaching: (1) The Christ must suffer. The Old Testament is full of this doctrine. (See, for example, Isa. 53). Why the Christ must suffer we see in Isa. 53: 6; Matt. 26:38; Heb. 9:27; 10:19; 13:12. (2) The Christ must rise again from the dead. This, too, he proved from the Old Testament, as Peter did, on Pentecost. (3) That "this Jesus whom I proclaim unto you, is the Christ." There are many in these days who wish to substitute some other Jesus for the one whom Paul preached; some Jesus of their own conception or fancy, and not the actual historic Jesus. This Jesus being the Christ it is of the highest importance that we accept Him. If we do not an awful weight of guilt rests upon us (Acts 2:34-37; 3:22, 23). Paul sets an example in what he preached worthy of all imitation by modern missionaries and preachers. Politics in Thessalonica were in a bad enough way, but Paul went at the root of things. God blessed this kind of preaching. "Some of them became believers" (cf. 1 Thess. 1:5). This is the usual result when the pure Gospel is preached in the power of the Holy Ghost. In an epistle which Paul wrote to them later we get a very charming picture of them (1 Thess. 1:6-10). Those who believed threw in their lot with Paul and Silas. True converts always seek the society of other Christians. But the Gospel caused division as well as union in Thessalonica: union of believers, division between believers and the world. Paul's success aroused the envy of the Jews. Every successful preacher must expect to be envied of smaller men. There was much truth in the charge brought against Paul and Silas. No other man ever did as much for the world as Paul did as this man Paul. There is great need to-day of preachers who turn things outside up. They accused Paul, too, of "saying that there is another King, one Jesus." Yes, Paul said that, and it needs to be said again and again to those who see no king but some king of this earth. Some day all must own His kingship (Ps. 2:8-12). But while Paul said there was another king, he ought to turn no man from history to Caesar (Acts 25:8; Rom. 13:1-7). The persecution did not go very far yet (v. 9). The converts were young and God will not suffer any of His children to be tempted above that which they are able to bear (1 Cor. 10:12, R. V.).

II. Paul in Berea, 10-12. The departure of Paul and Silas from Thessalonica was no mark of cowardice, but simple prudence and in accordance with the specific directions of Christ (Matt. 10:23). The church did not go to pieces upon his departure (1 Thess. 1:3-6). Paul did not lose his interest in the converts he left behind him (1 Thess. 2:18, 19; 3:1, 2, 5-7). As soon as Paul and Silas reached Berea they at once began preaching again, and to the Jews also. No matter how Paul and Silas might be treated at one place, the next town they struck they went at preaching again (comp. 1 Thess. 2:2; Acts 14:5-7). No one ever had a better patent to nobility than these Bereans. Their nobility is seen in two things. First, "they received the Word with all readiness of mind. They had a hunger for the truth, the Word of God (comp. Job 23:12; Jer. 15:16; ch. 2:41). They opened their mouths wide to receive it. Some people will receive the truth when you compel them to. Lovers of the truth are hungry for it. The Word of God is worthy of such reception (Prov. 8:10). Thus received it brings salvation and blessing" (Jas. 1:21; 1 Pet. 2:2). We to the one who does not receive it (2 Thess. 2:10-12). Second, "they searched (or examined) the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." They wanted to be sure that they had the mind of God about it, and the Scriptures were the final authority. They were model Bible students. (1) They studied the Scriptures as the Word of God. (2) They examined (R. V.) them. No mere superficial scurrying over them. (3) They were systematic and regular in their study, they examined the Scriptures daily. (4) They studied with a definite purpose, and that the highest, to find out the truth about the Christ, to find if the things Paul and Silas taught about Him "were so."

Prize Ram His Captor.

Chased up a tree, John Gray was held captive for five hours by a big ram on the sheep farm of Hiram B. Wellington, Jr., and Harry Sleeper, in West Pittsfield, Mass. The ram had caught up with Gray after a half-mile run and had butted him twice when Gray sought refuge in the apple tree. The ram, a fine Dorset from the Fred G. Crane prize farm in Dalton, then kept vigil until driven away by other shepherds, who heard Gray's cries for help.

Ball Bat Just Like Lightning.

As a heavy storm broke over Bloomsburg, Pa., a baseball bat slipped from a batter's hands and struck in the head Mrs. Charles Bergold, seated near by. "Is the lightning past?" she asked, recovering consciousness several hours later.

China Acknowledges Sympathy.

Prince Tsai-Chen has been selected to return the visit to Pekin of Prince Fushimi, the Mikado's cousin, who represented his Government at the funeral in Pekin, China, May 1 of Emperor Kwangsu.

OUR TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE AGAINST RUM.

The Woman Who Drinks.

Man's ideal of what women ought to be is based upon his belief of what she normally is—better than himself. His own selfish desire is the chief factor in dragging her down from the pedestal upon which he himself has placed her, and yet with that strange inconsistency which characterizes him, he will idolize her if she resists.

If sin seems blacker in woman than in man it is simply because she is by nature purer and has further to fall. If man seems to condemn sin in the woman more than in the man he is paying to her for that reason his highest compliment.

Intoxicants are dangerous enough to men, to women they are especially so. The virtue of the woman with the drink habit is always in danger. Romulus sentenced women to death for intoxication as the beginning of unfeminine conduct in the marriage vow.

The effect of alcohol upon woman's will power and sense of moral responsibility is well known and utilized by the man of the world.

The lack of moral balance and defective will produced in the woman by drink are more marked than in the man. Woman's emotional organization is more susceptible than that of man, hence the special danger of drink to the woman.

The disastrous results of tipping among women are already too well known to the physicians, and experience shows that, while men who drink often reform, women who become victims of drink seldom do.

That women drink as freely and as frequently as the men is a sight that you can see for yourself in the fashionable cafes of our cities, where wealth abounds and beauty smiles.

I speak from what I have seen as I have mingled in society. I dare not trust myself to describe the things I have seen among women, young and tender, upon whose more impressionable temperaments and finer organizations the destroyer has taken firm hold, and among women no longer young but whose souls and sense were dead long before their eyes were closed.

Did delicacy permit, I could detail at length heart-rending stories—coming from the homes of the outwardly respectable and rich—of ruined homes, broken hearts, hopes destroyed, affections crushed, reputations blasted, prayers for death, grief sitting on the vacant seats of paternal care, tormented souls, cheerless graves, dishonored lives, untold sorrow—and drink did it all.

I could, if I had the heart, detail at length cases which have come under my own observation and in which my advice has been sought during my long experience in New York which would make your hair stand on end and catch your blood chill, and which would call forth your deepest commiseration on behalf of the victims, and rouse your just indignation against the social custom which produces such misery.

The doctors, if they dared tell their story, in the words of Shakespeare might say: "But that I am forbidden to, the secrets of the prison-house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up your soul!"

Exaggerate? Impossible! As there are grand, bold, beautiful scenes in the physical world which no flight of fancy, no stroke of brush, no graphic powers of language can adequately describe, so, in the moral world, there are scenes of sorrow, vice, cruelty, and grief, no words which we can give an adequate idea.

Dr. Madison C. Peters, in the New York Evening World.

Saloon in Politics.

"Saloon-keepers have degraded American citizens and American civilization, as can only be expected."

"Men selling liquor ally themselves with semi-criminal lawbreakers and princeling with them to degrade city governments. This is especially true in Pittsburgh, San Francisco and New York, where in many cases saloon-keepers combine with capitalists who want franchises to dominate municipal affairs. Thus the liquor men and their allies are allowed to violate laws and are granted special privileges and the result is that the people are given a saloon government."

"The movement against liquor is not temporary. It is gathering in force and will continue. I find in traveling over the country that the liquor question is one of the two conspicuous issues now in existence. The other is municipal government."

—S. S. McClure, in an interview.

Liquor's Resources.

Some folks talk of the "resources" of the liquor power—its billions of dollars of investments and capital, etc. All well enough, but they should not overlook the liquor traffic and country of every human being, and the result is that the people are given a saloon government."

"The movement against liquor is not temporary. It is gathering in force and will continue. I find in traveling over the country that the liquor question is one of the two conspicuous issues now in existence. The other is municipal government."

—S. S. McClure, in an interview.

Archdeacon Farrar.

Men talk of vested interests—yes, vested interests in men's ruinous temptations, vested interests in the destruction of flesh and blood and souls and bodies. They use the proud name of liberty, and declare that she demands the liberty of every human being to destroy himself and to be a curse to his neighbor and to his land, deriding all legislation which aims at the restriction of evil weakness.

Temperance Notes.

In Georgia the closing of the saloons, which are the chief vendors of cigars, has so diminished the sale of tobacco products that many cigar manufacturers have been compelled to shut down.

A Catholic temperance primer, which is likely to be used in all the Catholic schools of this country, is in preparation by Bishop Canavin, of Pittsburgh. The Total Abstinence Union of America is promoting the project.

Interference is the greatest evil now remaining among men.

A number of the business men of Nashville, Tenn., have taken definite steps and perfected an organization for the purpose of aiding in a practical way the employees of saloons. Thousands of these men will be thrown out of employment when the new law goes into effect.

County local option laws have been enacted in Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina and Texas, and in most of them tested in the highest court of the State, and wherever so tested they have been upheld.